"Dire Wolf"

Grateful Dead/Robert Hunter

In the timbers of Fennario

the wolves are running round

The winter was so hard and cold

froze ten feet neath the ground

Chorus

Don't murder me

I beg of you don't murder me

Please don't murder me

I sat down to my supper

T'was a bottle of red whiskey

I said my prayers and went to bed

That's the last they saw of me

Chorus

When I awoke, the Dire Wolf

Six hundred pounds of sin

Was grinnin at my window

All I said was "come on in"

Chorus

The wolf came in, I got my cards

We sat down for a game

I cut my deck to the Queen of Spades

but the cards were all the same

Chorus

In the backwash of Fennario

The black and bloody mire

The Dire Wolf collects his due

while the boys sing round the fire

Don't murder me

I beg of you don't murder me

Please don't murder me